

MORE ODD TEXTS OF
CHAUCER'S MINOR POEMS

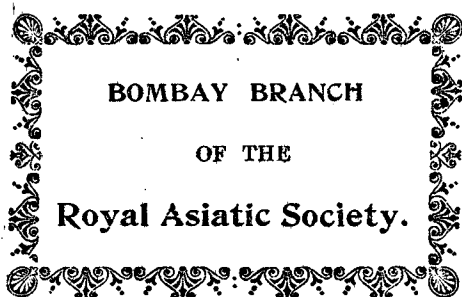
FURNIVALL

CHAUCER SOCIETY
F. S. NO. 77.

321.1
Chaucer
42854



00042854



More Odd Texts

OF

Chaucer's Minor Poems.

42854_{2v}

EDITED BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., HON. DR. PHIL.



LLn 20

LONDON:

FOR THE CHAUCER SOCIETY

TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO.,

UDGATE HILL.

1866.



00042854

FOREWORDS.

AFTER I finisht the *Odd Texts of Chaucer's Minor Poems* in 1880, I copied five more at Cheltenham in 1882 from the Phillipps MS. 9053, and Mr. George Parker sent me four from the Bodleian. I put them aside in the hope that others would turn up, and forgot all about them till Prof. Skeat sent me his excellent edition of the *Minor Poems* on Dec. 20, 1888. His admission of the Harleian-78 copy of the continuation of the *Pity* as genuine, reminded me that I had another copy of it from the Phillipps MS., and this showd (as Prof. Skeat pointed out) a unique last verse. It became therefore advisable to print the laid-by copies; and here they are.

No doubt the *Pity*-continuation—here cald by Shirley's name for the whole poem 'The Balade of Pitee'—ought to be printed as three separate poems: 1. in 7-line stanzas, 2. in terza-rima, imperfect, 3. in 10-line stanzas; but as they are all on the same subject, and the MSS. run them into one another, there is no great harm in keeping them under one head, in separate sections.

When I first printed the Harleian copy in our *Odd Texts* Appendix, pp. ii.-v., it seemd to fall off so towards the end that I didn't feel sure that it was Chaucer's, nor did Hy. Bradshaw. But as the two MSS. of it give it to Chaucer, and both are evidently from a Shirley copy, or transcripts of one, and its rymes keep Chaucer's laws, we may well hold this poem genuine, independent of our wish to make it so, on account of its witness to Chaucer's try at Dante's *terza-rima*.

The three Roundels from the last page of the Pepys MS. 2006, which our friend Prof. Skeat has kindly printed at the end of the Appendix here, I am willing to accept as Chaucer's, because of their merit and their Chaucer ring. The *Newe-Fanglenesse* which I printed on the fly-leaf to my *Odd Texts* Appendix, I still maintain is not Chaucer's. Nor can I acknowledge as genuine either of the other supposititious poems—An amorous Compleint, p. 218; Balade of Compleint, p. 222—which Prof. Skeat has admitted into his edition of Chaucer's Minor Poems.¹

There is no external evidence for them; no MS. gives them to Chaucer; and the internal evidence of worth is against them, for, tho' they observe his rymes, they are neither characteristic of him nor good enough for him. We cannot admit as valid the canon that all lyric poems which do not transgress Chaucer's laws of ryme, final e, caesura, &c., and use his phrases, are his. I hope Prof. Skeat 'll bunk these spurious things out of his second edition.

British Museum, 5 Nov., 1890.

P.S. As I forget whether I've heretofore printed the reasons which made me in 1882 give up *The Mother of God* as Chaucer's, and assign it to Hoccleve, I state them now.

The only MS. of the poem I saw myself, Arch. Seld. B 24 (Scotch), gave it to Chaucer.² So did the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, MS. 18, 2, 8.³ The poem was so much better than Hoccleve's long and dreary englishing of *De Regimine*

¹ He prints *Newe-Fanglenesse* by its old title in Stowe's edition, 'Against Women unconstaunt,' p. 135.

² *Parallel Texts*, p. 144, col. 2.

³ *Parallel Texts*, p. 139, col. 3; p. 144, col. 3. But, as Bradshaw always allowd, the evidence of Scotch MSS. attributions to Chaucer is not worth much. See the Hunterian Society's print of the Bannatyne MS. See also Skeat's *Minor Poems*, p. xliii, line 1, and p. xxxv, the lower half.

Principis that I didn't think *The Mother of God* could be his; still, it was not characteristic of Chaucer, had not his mark, and had one non-Chaucer ryme; *honoure, cure*, ll. 64, 66. But in the *Canterbury Tales*, we find *armour* with a double form (see *New Engl. Dict.*)—*cote-armures*, *trappures*, *Knight's Tale*, 72/2499, and *cote-armour*, flour, *Sir Thopas*, 196/2057;—also in the *Venus*, which I hold genuine, *agventure, honoure* (vb.), ll. 22-3. As the Oxford and Edinbro MSS. said it was Chaucer's, Hy. Bradshaw and I accepted it. I did not see the Phillipps MS. of the *Mother of God* when its copy was printed in our *Parallel Texts*. Dr. J. A. H. Murray kindly copied it for me. But when I got to Cheltenham in 1882, and took up the Phillipps MS., I saw it was one of Hoccleve's presentation copies, in the same hand—his own, I hold—as his Durham MS., and his Ashburnham MS., with the double curve of a B inside his W, &c. I had therefore to admit that the MS. evidence was in favour of Hoccleve being the author of *The Mother of God*. On reading the *Virgin* and other short religious poems in the Phillipps MS., and later in the Ashburnham one, I found them far better than Hoccleve's long *De Regimine*, so that he might well have written *The Mother of God*, which I before thought he hadn't wit for. Therefore, his own copy giving him the poem, it not fitting chronologically into Chaucer's works, and its having a ryme which was his and not Chaucer's, besides being more like his work than Chaucer's, I was glad to withdraw my former opinion,—given before I'd seen Hoccleve's three presentation MSS.,—and to acknowledge *The Mother of God* as his.

1.

The Compleynre to Pite.

PHILLIPPS MS. 9053.

THE COMPLEYNTE TO PITE.

[*Phillipps MS. 9053 paper, ? ab. 1450, p. 91 : altered copy of Shirley's Harleian 78, Parallel-Text, p. 41, with his abominable 'vertuous' for 'Herenus' = Erinnyes, in l. 92.*]

And now here folwith A complaynt of pite made bi.
Geffray Chaucier the Aureat Poete that euer was
founde in oure vulgar to fore his dayes

(1)

Itc whiche that I have . sought so yoer	1
p With hert sore . ful of besy payne	
That in this world . was no wight woer	
Without the deth . and if I shal nat feyne	4
My purpos was . of pite for to pleyne	
And eke vpon . the cruel tirannye	
Of love that for my trowth . doth me to dye	7

(2)

¶ And whan that I bethynk . of certayn yeeris	8
Had euer in oon . a tyme sought to speke	
To pite I ran . albe-spreynt with teris	
To preyen hir . on cruelte me wreke	11
But or I myght . with any word out breke	
Or tellen any . of my peynes smert	
I fonde pite ded . and buryed in an hert	14

(3)

¶ And downe I fel . whan I sigh the herse	(p. 92)
Ded as ston . while that the swough last	
But vp I rose . with colours wel diuerse	
And pitously . myn Ien on hir cast	18
And nere the corpse . I come to presen fast	
And for the soule . I shope me for to prey	
Me thought me lorn . ther was no nothir wey	21

(4)

¶ Thus am I slayne . sith that pite is ded^t 22
 Allas the day . that euer it shuld^t befallē
 What maner man . dar now heve vp his hede
 To whom shal . my sorowful hert^t cal 25
 Now cruelte hath cast^t . to slen vs al
 In Idel hope we live . redles of^t peyne
 Sith she is ded^t . to whom shul we compleyne 28

(5)

¶ Thus am I slayn . sith that pite is ded^t truly¹ 29
 But yet encresith me . this wonder nuwe ^{1 truly added}
 That no wight^t wot^t hir ded^t . but^t only I
 So many a man . that in hir tyme hir knewe 32
 And yit^t she dyed nat^t . al so sodainly
 For I have sought^t hir . ful busily ^[some spurious.]
 Sith first^t I had wit^t . of mannes mynde
 But she was dede . or that I cowde hir fynde 36

(6)

¶ Abowte hir hers . stooden there boistously 37
 Without^t makyng^t dole . as thought^t me
 Bounte . Parfite . wele arayed and Richely
 And fressh^t beaute . lust^t and Iolite 40
 Assured^t maner . thought^t and honeste
 Wisdam estate . drede and gouernauns
 Considred both . by hand and assurauns 43

(7)

// A compleynt^t had I . writen in myn hand^t 44
 Fo[r] to have putte . to pite as a biht
 But whan I al this . company ther fount^t
 That rather wolden . al my cause spiht 47
 Than do me help . I hield^t my compleynt^t stiht
 For to the folkes . without^t any faile
 Withouten pite . ne may no bil availle 50

(8)

¶ Than leve I al these vertues sauf pite	51
Kepyng the hers . as ye have herd me seyne	
Confidred al . by band of cruelte	
And bien assented . that I shalbe slayne	54
So thaane I put . my compleynt vp ageyne	
For to my foomen . my bil I durst nat shewe	
Theffect of the mater . was this at wordes fewe	57

(9) [*The Bill of Complaint.*] (Tern I. 1)

¶ Humblesse of hert . highest of reuerence	The compleynt in the bill
Benygne floure . corowne of vertues al	
Shewith vnto youre . souerayn excellence	
Your seruauit yif I durst . my self so cal	61
His mortal harme . whiche he is in fal	
And nat alonly . for his evil fare	
But for youre Renowne . as I shal declare	64

(10) (I. 2)

¶ It standith thus . yowre contrarie Cruelte	65
Alyed is . agenst youre Regalye	
Vnder the colour . of wommanly beaute	
For men shuld nat . loo knowe hir tirannye	68
With bounte Gentillesse . and curtesie	
And hath deprived yow . now of your place	
That hight beaute . aportenaunt to grace	71

(11) (I. 3)

¶ For kyndely bi youre . heritage and right	72
Ye beth annexed . euer to beaute	
And verrailly ye oughten . do youre myght	
To helpe trowth . in his aduersite	75
Ye beth also . the corowne of beaute	[p. 94]
And certes . if ye want in this wey	
The world is lorn . ther is no more to sey	78

(12) (*Tern* II. I)

¶ Eke what availith . maner or gentillesse	79
With yow benygne . and faire creature	
Shal cruelte be now . oure <i>gouverneresse</i>	
Allas . what hert . shal may that endure	82
Wherfor but ye . the rather taken cure	
To breke of thoo persones alliaunce	
Ye slen theym . that bien of your obeisaunce	85

(13) (II. 2)

¶ And further ouer . if ye suffren this	86
Youre renound is fredom . that with a throwe	
Ther shal no wight wete . what peyne is	
Alas that youre renounce . shuld be so lowe	89
Ye bien than . from your heritage I-throwe	
By cruelte . that occupieth your place	
And we dispaired . that sechen to youre grace	92

(14) (II. 3)

¶ Have mercy on me . ye vertuous qwene	93
That yow have sought . so trewly . and so yoore	
Lete the streame of youre light . on me be sene	
That lovith and dredit yow . ay lengger the more	96
The soth for to sey . I bere the hevy peyne	
And though I be nat konnyng . for to pleyne	
For goddis love . have mercy on my peyne	99

(15) (*Tern* III. 1)

¶ My peyne is this . that what so I desire	100
That have I nought . ne nought that lith therto	
And euer settith desire . myn hert on fyre	
Eke on that other side . where so I go	103
What maner thyng . that may encrease my wo	
That have I redy . vnsought euery where	
Me lakkith but my deth . and than my bere	106

(16) (III. 2)

¶ What nedith it . shewe parcels of my peyne	107
*Sith euery woo . that hert may bethynk	[p. 95]
I souffre and yit . I dar nat to yow pleyne	
For wele I wote . although I wake or wynke	110
Ye recchen nat . whether I fleete or synk	
Yit neuertheles . my trowth I shal sustene	
Vn-to my deth . and that shal wele be sene	113

(17) (III. 3)

¶ This is to sey . I wil be youre euere	114
Though ye me slee . bi cruelte as a foo	
Algates my spirit . shal neuer disseuer	
From your seruice . for any peyne or woo	117
Now pite that I haue sought so yore agoo	
Thus for yowre deth . I may wele wepe and pleyne	
With hert sore . al ful of besy peyne	120

[The *Balade of Pite* printed in the Appendix, p. 42-6, runs on here, as if it were part of this *Compleynthe*.]

2.

Inelida and Arcite.
(THE COMPLAINT ONLY.)

PHILLIPPS MS. 8299.

ANELIDA AND ARCITE.

THE COMPLAINT.

[*Phillipps MS. 8299, (about the middle. 2 leaves vellum,
 1 paper. ab. 1450 A.D.).*]

(31) (*Complaint 1. Proem.*)

So thirlith with the poynte of remembraunce [leaf A] 211
 The Swerde of sorowe y-whett with fals plesaunce
 My herte bare of blys and blak' of hewe
 That Turnyd is in to quakyng al my¹ daunce ¹ MS. almy
 My sewertee in to a wapped countenaunce 215

Sith it auailleth not for to be true
 For who so truyst is it shaH hir rue
 That semeth love and doth her obseruaunce
 Alway tih oon and chaunge it for no newe 219

(32) (*Complaint 2; Movement I. 1.*)

I wote my self as wele as any wight [leaf A, back] 220
 For I. lovid oon with aH my hert and myght
 More than my self an hundreth Mⁱ sith [Mⁱ = thousand]
 And callid hym myn hertes day and my knyght
 And was aH his als for as it was right 224
 And whan that he was glad than was I blith
 And his disese was my deth as swyth
 And he agayne his trouth hath me plight
 For euermore his lady me to kyth 228

(33) (*Complaint 3; Movement I. 2.*)

Nowe is he fals allas and causeles 229
 And of my woo he is so rewtheles
 That with oute worde hym lust not dayn
 To bryng a-gayne my sorowfuH hert in pes
 For he is thought vp in another lees 233
 And as hym lust so laghes he at my payn
 And I canne not my wofuH hert refreyn
 For to loue hym alwey neuer the lesse
 [.] 237

(34) (*Complaint 4; Movement I. 3.*)

And shaH I playn allas the harde stounde 238
 Vnte my foo that gaue myne hert a wounde
 And yet desyreth that my herme be more
 Ye certeys for that shaH euer be founde
 None other helpe my sores forto sounde 242
 My disteyn hath happed so full yore
 I wot no nother medicyne ne lore
 I wot be euer as I was ons bounde
 That I haue said be said for euermore 246

(35) (*Complaint 5; Movement I. 4.*)

Alas where is becomyn your gentilnesse	247
Youre wordis full of pleasaunce and humblenesse	
Your obseruaunce on so low maute	
And your awaityng and your besynesse	
Vppon me that ye callid your maistresse	251
Your souerayne lady of this worlde is here	
Alasse is there now nother worde ne chere	
Ye witsauf vpon myn heynesse	[leaf B]
I-wys your loue I by it all to dere.	255

(36) (*Complaint 6; Movement I. 5.*)

Nowe certes swete yf that ye	256
Thus causeles decaused be	
Of my dedely aduersite	
Youre namely resoune hath it to respite	259
To sle your frende and namely me	
That neuer yet in no degre	
Offendið you as wysely he	
That all wot of wo my sowle quyte	263
But for I was soo playn Ersite	[Shirley's Harl. 7333 has l. 264-8, his other MSS. not.]
In all my werkis muche and lite	
And so besy you to delyte	
Myne honoure sauf meke kynde & free	267
¶ Therefore ye put on me this wite	
And of my sorowe reche not a myte	
If that the swerde of payne bite	
My wofull hert thurgh your cruelte	271

(37) (*Complaint 7; Movement I. 6.*)

My swete foo whi do ye so for shame	272
Thynke ye that forthered be your name	
To love anew and be vntrue nay	
And put you in sclandre newe and blame	
And do me aduersite and grame	276

That loueth you most god wel þou woost alwey
 Nowe turne agayne and yet be playn som day
 And than shaft this that nowe is mysse be game
 And aH foryeuen whiH that I lyuen may 280

(38) (*Complaint 8; Movement II. 1.*)

Lo hert myne aH this you for to sayne 281
 As whether shaft I pray or els playne
 Whiche is the way and do you to be true
 For owther mot I haue you in my chayn
 Or with the deth ye mot depart vs twayn 285
 There be no nother mene weys new
 For so wisly on my soule god rue
 Als veraily ye sle me with the payn
 That may ye see vnfeynyd on my hue 289

(39) (*Complaint 9; Movement II. 2: left out, as in Shirley's MSS., Parallel-Texts, p. 166-7, Supplementary Text, p. 52-3.*)

[. 290

 294

 298
]

(40) (*Complaint 10; Movement II. 3: 4 & 5 rymes in ede.*)

And shaft I pray and weyuen womanheede [leaf B, back] 299
 Nay rather dye than do so fewle a dede
 To aske mercy causeles what nede
 [. 303

 But if that I to you may no nother wayes bede
 For myn excuse a skorne shaft be my mede
 Your chere floureth but yt wol not sede
 Full longe agoo me ought have taken hede 307

(41) (*Complaint 11; Movement II. 4.*)

•For yf I myghit haue you to myne agayn	308
I myghit als wele kepe Aprile fro rayn	
As to holde you and make you stidfaste	
O myghty god of treuth souerayn	
Where is the trouth of man who hath yt slayn	312
For who thaym louty shal fynde paim as faste	
Als in a tempest is a roten maste	
Is that a tame beste þat is ay fayn	
To flee a-way whan yt is leest agast	316

(42) (*Complaint 12; Movement II. 5.*)

Mercy swete yf I myssaye	317
Haue I ought spoken oute of þe way	
I not my wit is half away	
I fare as doth þe song of Chauntplur'	320
For nowe I playne and nowe I play	
I am so mased that I deye	
Arcite hath born away the keye	
Of all my worldly good auentur'	324
In all this world ther' is no creatur'	
Wakyng in more discomfitur'	
Than I ne more sorowe endur'	
For if I slepe a forlong or twey	328
Euer thynketh me that your' figur'	
Before me standes in azur'	
To profir and nowe ensur'	
To be true vnto me tilh ye deye	332

(43) (*Complaint 13; Movement II. 6.*)

This long nyght this wondre sight I drye	333
And on the day for thilk' affray I dye	
And of all this my swete I-wis ye ne reche	
And neuer moo myn eyen two ben drye	
. But to your' ruth and to your' truth I crye	337

[leaf C, verso]

But weleaway full fer be thay to feche
 Thus holdeth me my destenye o wreche
 And me to rede out of this drede or gye
 Ne may my wit so weeke is yt not streche 341

(44) (*Compleint 14; Conclusion.*)

Than ende I thus sith I can do no more 342
 I yeve yt vp for nowe and euermore
 For shall I neuer put este in balaunce
 My sykernes ne lern of loue the lore
 But as the swanne as I haue harde say yor' 346
 Ageyns his deth syngeth his penaunce
 So syng I here my destany and chaunce
 How that Arcite Anelida so sore
 Hath ther-led with the poynt of remembraunce 350

[*There is no 45th Stanza in Continuation.*]

Here endeth the compleynt of Anelida the Quene of
 Hermenye vpon fals Arcite of Thebes.

3.

Truth.

1. PHILLIPPS MS. 8299.
2. HATTON MS. 73.
3. MS. ARCH. SELD. B. 10.

TRUTH.

[*Phillipps MS. 8299 (at the end of Chaucer's Tale of
 Grissilde, written on as Part of the Tale).*]

[And let hym care wepe wryng and wayle]

(1)

Fle from the prees and dwell with sothfastnesse	1
Suffise the thyne owne though it be smaH	
For horde hath hate and clymbyng tykylnesse	
Prees hath envye and wele blente ouer aH	4
Favour nomore than thou behove shaH	
Rewle weH thy self þat other forkis canst rede	
And treuth the shaH delyuer it is no drede	7

(2)

Tempest the not aH crokis to redresse	8
In trust of her that turnyth as a baH	
Muche wele stondeth in litiH besynes	
Be ware therfore to spurne ayenst an aH	[2nd leaf] 11
Stryv not as doth to Crokke with the waH	
Daunte thy self that dauntist an opers dede	
And treuth the shaH delyuer it is no drede	14

(3)

That the is sente receyue in buxumnesse	15
The wrastlyng of the worlde askith a faH	
Here is noon home here nys but wyldernesse	
Forth pylgryme forth . forth best oute of þy staH	18
Knowe thy contrey loke vp thanke god of aH	
Holde the high wey and let thy goste the lede	
And treuth shaH the delyuer it is no drede	21

Explicit, &c.

[This MS. follows the 4 best—Par.-Text 407—in reading *Tempest* for *peyne* in l. 8; *Knowe thy contrey* for *Looke vp on hys* in l. 19; and *Holde the high wey* for *Weyre þi lust* in l. 20; But it varies from the two main classes of the MSS. by leaving out *þing* and its variant *good* in l. 2; and reading ‘*Suffise the thyne owne*,’ a unique half-line, I believe.]

TRUTH.

[*Hatton MS. 73, leaf 118, back (Bodl. Libr.).*]

Good conseyle.

(1)

Fle fro the prees And dwelle with sothfastnesse 1
 Suffise vn-to thi good though it be smal
 For hoord hath hate . And clymbynge tykulnesse
 Prees hath enyye . And wele is blent ouer al 4
 Sauour no mor¹ than the bihoue shal
 Do wele thi-self that other folk canst rede
 And trouthe the shal delyuer it is no drede 7

(2)

¶ Peyne the nat alle crokede to redresse 8
 In truste of hir that turneth as a bal
 Gret reste stondeeth in litle businesse
 be-war also to spurne a-geynst an al 11
 Stryf nat as doth the crok with the wal
 Daunte thi-self that daunttest others dede
 And trouthe the shal delyuer it is no drede 14

(3)

¶ That the is sent . receyue yn buxumnesse 15
 the wrastelyngge with the world axseth a fal
 Her is non home her is but wildernesse
 Forth pilgryme forth . forth beest out of thi stal 18
 Loke vp an hie And thank god of al
 Weyve thi luste And lete thi goost the lede
 And trouthe the shal delyuere it is no drede 21

¹ The curls of r¹ really mean e in this copy.

TRUTH.

[MS. Arch. Seld. B. 10, leaf (at end of *Harding's Chronicle*,
 p. 4 of 'The Proverbes of Lydgate'): Bodl. Libr.]

Ecce bonum consilium galfridi chaucers contra
 fortunam.

(1)

FLe from the prece & dwell with sothfastnes. 1
 Syffyse vnto thy god thoughe it be small.
 For hoorde hathe hate & clymbynge tykilnes.
 Prece hathe enuye & welle is blent ouer all. 4
 Sauoure no more than the behoue shall.
 Rule thy-selfe that other folke canst rede.
 And trouthe the shall delyuer it is no drede. 7

(2)

Payne the not eche croked to redresse. 8
 In truste of her that turneth as a ball.
 Grete rest / stonde in litiß besynes
 Beware also to sporne agaynst a wall. 11
 Stryue not as dothe a coele with a wall.
 Daunt thy-self that dauntest other dede.
 And trouthe the shall delyuer it is no drede. 14

(3)

That the is sente receyue it in buxumnes. 15
 The wrastlynge of this worlde askethe a fall.
 Here is non home / here is but wyldernes.
 Forthe pylgrym forthe beste oute of the stall. 18
 Loke vp on hyghe an[d] thanke oure lorde of all.
 Weye thy luste and let thy gooste the lede.
 And trouthe shall the delyuer it is no drede. 21

4.

Lack of Stedfastness.

HATTON MS. 73.

LACK OF STEDFASTNESS.

[*Hatton MS. 73, leaf 119. (Bodl. Libr.).*]

These baladdis were send to the kyng.

(1)

Sumtyme this world was so stedefast And stable 1
that mannes word was obligacioun
But now it is so fals And disceyvable
that word and dede as in conclusioun 4
ben no thyng on for turned vp so doun
Is al this world for mede and wilfulnesse
that al is lost for lak of stedefastnesse 7

(2)

¶ What maketh this world to be so variable 8
but lust that folk's hand in discensioun
For now adayes a man is holde vnable
but yf he can by som collusioun 11
Do to his neyghbur wrong or oppressioun
What causeth that but wilful wrecchednesse
that al is lost for lak of stedefastnesse 14

(3)

¶ Trouthe is put down resoun is holde fable 15
Vertu hath now no domynacioun
Pyte exiled no man is mercyable
thurgh couetyse is blent discrecioun 18
the world hath made a permutacioun
Fro ryght to wrong fro trouthe to fikulnesse
that al is lost for lak of stedefastnesse 21

// Lenvoy //

¶ O . prince desyre to be honorable 22

Cherysshe thi folk . and hate extorcioun

Suffre no thyng that may be reproueable

to thyn estate don in thi regioun 25

Shewe forth thi swerd of castigacioun

Drede god . do lawe . loue trouthe *and* rightwesnesse

And dryue thi peple a-gayn to stedefastnesse. 28

5.

Fortune.

MS. ARCH. SELD. B. 10.

FORTUNE.

[MS. Arch. Seld. B. 10, at end of *Harding's Chronicle*,
 and p. 2 of '*The Proverbes of Lydgate*,' Bodl. Lib.]

Paupertas conqueritur super fortunam.

(1)

This wredchid wo[r]lde is transmutacioun. As weHe / and wo / now pore / & now / honour. Withouten ordre / or wyse dyscrecyon. Gouvernede ys by fortunes erreure. But neuertheles / the lacke of her fauoure. Ne may not do me / synge thoughe pat I dye. Pay toutz perdu mon temps et mon labour. For fynally / fortune I defye.	1 8
---	---

(2)

Yet me lefte the syght of my reason. To knowe frende fro fo in my myrroure. So moche hath yet thy turnynge vp and downe. I-taught me to knowe in an houre. But treuly no fors of thy reddoure. To hym that on hym-selfe hathe maystry. My suffysaunce shall be my socoure. For fynally fortune I defye.	9 12 16
---	---

(3)

O socrates thou stedfast champion. She myght neuer be thy tormentoure. Thou neuer drestdest her oppressyon. Ne in her chere founde thou no fauoure. Thou knewe well / the deceyte of her coloure. And that her moste worship is to lye. I know her eke / a fals dyssymuloure. For fynally fortune I dyffye.	17 20 24
---	--

(4) **Puer.** *Fortuna ad paupertatem.*

No man is wretchede but hym selfe it wene. 25
 And he that hathe hym-self hathe suffysaunce.
 Why sayst thou than I am to the so kene.
 That hast thy-self oute of my gouernaunce. 28
 Say thus gramercy of thyne haboundaunce.
 That thou hast lent / or this thou shalt not stryue.
 What wotest thou yet hou I will the auaunce.
 And eke thou haste / thy best frende alyue. 32

(5)

I haue the taught / dyuysyoun betwene. 33
 Frende of effecte / and frende of countenaunce.
 The nedeth not / the gall of non hen.
 That cureth eyen / duk for penaunce. 36
 Nowe seyst thou clere / that were in yngnoraunce.
 Yet holde thyn anker / and yet thou mayst aryue.
 There bounte bereth / the keye of my substaunce.
 And eke thou hast thy best frende alyue. 40

(6)

How many haue I refusede to sustene 41
 Syth I the fosterede / haue in my pleasaunce.
 Wylte thou than make / A statute on thy quene. [p. 8]
 That I shall be ay at thyne ordynaunce. 44
 Thow borne arte in my reygne of varyaunce.
 Aboute the whele with other must thou dryue.
 My lore is better than thy wycked gouernaunce.
 And eke thou hast thy best frende alyue. 48

(7) **Paupertas ad fortunam.**

Thy lore I dampne . it is aduersyte. 49
 My frende / mayst thou not rene blynde goddes
 And that I frendes knewe / I thanke it the.
 Take them agayne / let them go lye on presse. 52
 The negardes / kepyng theyre ryches.
 Pronostyke is / her toure thou wylt assayle.
 Wyckede appetyte / cometh a before sykenesse.
 In generall this rule may not fayle. 56

(8) **Fortuna ad paupertatem.**

Thow pynchest at my mutabilite.	57
For I the lente a droppe of my rychesse.	
And nowe me lykethe to withdrawe me.	
Why sholdest thou my royallte oppresse.	60
The se may ebbe / and flowe more and lesse.	
The skye hathe myght / to shyne rayne and hayll.	
Right so may I stowe my britylnesse.	
In generall this rule may not fayll.	64

(9) **Paupertas ad fortunam.**

So execucion of the mageste.	65
That all puruayeth of his ryghtwysnes.	
That same thyng fortune clepe ye.	
Ye blynde bestes / full of rudenesse.	68
The heuen hathe properte of sykernesse.	
This worlde hathe euer / restles trauayll.	
Thy last day is ende of myne intresse.	
In generall I this rule may not fayle.	72

Fines.

[*Follows* :—*Ecce bonum consilium galfridi chaucers contra fortunam. Printed above, p. 29.*]

6.

Purse.

PHILLIPPS MS. 9053.

PURSE.

[*Phillipps MS. 9053. Paper, 1450, page 31.*]

Chaucer [*in Jn. Stow's hand*].

(1)

O yow my purse . and to nonother wight	1
† Compleyne I . for yow [are] my lady deere	
I am so sory that ye bien light	
For certis . but if ye make me hevy chiere	4
Me were as lief . to be leyde on biere	
For whiche . vnto yowre mercy thus I crye	
Beth hevy ageyne . or ellis must I dye	7

(2)

¶ Now fouchesauf this day . or it be nyght	8
That I of yow . the blisful sowne may here	
To se youre coloure . as the sonne bright	
That of yowre eye . lownesse hath no peere	11
Ye bien my light . ye be myn hertis feere	
Qwene of comfort . and of company	
Beeth hevy ageyn . or ellis must I dye	14

(3)

¶ Now purse that beth to me my lyf my light	15
And souerayne lady downe . in this world here	
Out of this towne . help me thurgh youre myght	
Sith that ye wil nat . be my tresorere	18
For I am shave as nygh . as any frere	
For whiche . vnto yowre mercy I crye	
Bieth hevy ageyne . or ellis must I dye	21

Thus farr is printed in-Chance[r] fol. 320. vnder y^e name
of Tho: Occleeue. /

[Lydgate's 'Allas fortune . allas what haue I gilt,' is added
as a continuation of Chaucer's Poem, as in Harl. 2251,
Par.-Text 449, col. 3.]

Appendix.

1. THE BALADE OF PITEE (Phillipps MS. 9053) with a unique final stanza.
2. ROUNDELS (Pepys MS. 2006).

I. THE BALADE OF PITE.

(Phillipps MS. 9053, ff. 95, where it is written in stanzas—1st lines are marked ¶—as part of the *Compleynte to Pite* printed above, p. 11—15. All the lines start level in the MS., but are inset here, to show the structure of the poem. This copy is from one of Shirley's: cp. *Elas*, l. 51. For the other Shirley copy, *Harl.* 78, see our *Old Texts of Chaucer's Minor Poems*, Appendix, p. ii—v.)

(I. 7-line Stanzas, 1)

¶ The longe nyghtis . whan euery creature	1
Shuld have theyr rest . in somewhat be kynde	
Or ellis ne may theyr lif . nought longe endure	
It fallith most . in to my wooful mynde	
How I so fer have brought . my self behynde	5
That sauf the deth . ther may nothyng me lisse	
So dispaired I am . from al blisse	7

(I. 2)

¶ This same thought . me lastith til the morow	8
And from the morow . furth til it be Eve	
There nedith me . no care for to borow	
For both I have gode leyser . and goode love	
Ther is no wight . that wil my wo bireve	12
To wepe Inough . and wailen al my fiH	
The sore spark of peyne . now doth me spiH	14

(3) [II. *Terza Rima*, 1]

[. -iH]	
¶ This love that hath me set . in suche a place	
That my desire . wil neuer fulfiH	17

For neither pite . mercy . neyther grace . [p. 96]
 Can I nat fynde . and yit my sorowful hert
 For to be dede . I can it nat arace 20

The more I love . the more she doth me smert
 Thurgh whiche . without remedye
 That from the dethe . I may in no wise astert 23

(4) [II. *Terza Rima*, 2]

¶ Now sothly what she hight . I wil reheree 24
 Hir name is bounte . set in wommanhede
 Sadnesse in yowth . and beaute prideles
 And plesaunce . vnder gouernaunce and drede 37

Hir surname is¹ eke . faire rowtheles [1 so in MS., for is]
 The wise I-knytt . vnto goode aventure
 That for I love hir . she sleeth me giltles 30

Hir love I best . and shal while I may dure
 ¶ Better than my self . an hundred thousand dele
 Than al this worldis . riches or creature 33

Now hath nat love . me bestowed wele
 To love there . I neuer shal haue part
 Elas right thus . Is turned me the whele 36

Thus am I slayn . with loves fury dart
 I can but love hir best . my swete foo
 Love hath me taught . nomore of his art 39
 But serve al wey . and stynt for no woo 40

(5) [III. *Ten-line Stanzas*, 1]

¶ In my trewe careful hert . there is
 So moche woo . and so litel blisse
 That woo is me . that euer I was bore 43

For al thyng whiche I desire I mysse
 And al that euer I wold nat Iwisse
 That fynd I redy . to me euermore 46

And of al this I not to whom me pleyne
 For she that myght . me out of this bryng
 • Ne reachith nought . whether I wepe or synge
 So litel rowth . hath she vpon my payne [p. 97] 50

(6) (III. 2)

¶ Elas whan slepyng tyme is . lo than I wake
 Whan I shuld daunce . for feere lo than I qwake
 [.] 53
 This hevy liff I leede . loo for yowre sake
 Though ye therof . in no wise heede take
 [. *no gaps in the MS.*] 56
 Myn hertis lady . and hole my lives qwene
 For trewly durst I sey . and that I fele
 Me semeth that your sweete hert of steele
 Is whetted now . ayens me to kene 60

(7) (III. 3)

¶ My dere hert . and best be-loved foo
 Why likith yow . to do me al this woo
 What haue I don . that grevith yow or saide 63
 But for I serve . and love yow and no mo
 And while I live . I wil euer do soo
 And therfor sweete . me beth nat evil apayed 66
 For so goode and so faire . as ye be
 It were right grete wonder . but ye had
 Of al seruauntis . both of goode and bad
 And lest worthy of al hem . I am he 70

(8) (III. 4)

¶ But neuertheles . my right lady swete
 Though that I be vnkonnyng and vnmeete
 To serve as I kowde . ay yowre hienesse 73
 Yit is ther non fayner . that wolde I heete
 Than I to do youre ease . or ellis beete
 What so I wist . that were to your hyenesse 76
 And had I myght . as goode as I haue wil
 Than shuld ye feele . where it were so or non
 For in this world . than livyng is ther non
 That fayner wolde . youre hertis wil fulfil 80

(9) (III. 5)

¶ For both I love . and eke drede yow so sore [p. 98]
 And algatis mote . and have yow don ful yoore
 That bettir loved is . non ne neuer shal 83
 And yit I wold besechen yow of nomore
 But lovith wele . and beth nat wroth therfore
 And lete me *serue* yow forth . lo this is al 86
 For I am nat so hardy . ne so woode
 For to desire . that ye shuld love me
 For wele I wote . elas that wil nat be
 I am so litel worthy . and ye so goode 90

(10) (III. 6)

For ye be oon . the worthyest on lyve
 And I the most vnlikly . for to thryve
 ¶ Yit for al this . witeth ye right wele 93
 That ye ne shul me . from youre *service* dryve
 That I ne wil ay . with al my wittes fyve
 Serve yow triewly . what wo so that I fele 96
 For I am sette on yow . in suche manere
 That though ye neuer wil . vpon me rewe
 I must yow love . and bien euer als triew
 As any man can . or may on live [here] 100

(11) (III. 7)

¶ But the more that I love . yow goodly free
 The lasse fynd I . that ye loven me
 Elas whan shal that . hard witte amend 103
 Where is now . al your wommanly pite
 Your gentilnesse and your debonarite
 Wil ye nothyng therof . vpon me spende 106
 And so hoole swete . as I am yowres al
 And so grete wil . as I haue yow to serve
 Now certis . and ye lete me thus sterve
 Yet have wonne theron . but a smal [p. 99] 110
 MORE ODD TEXTS. D

(12) (III. 8.)

¶ For at my knowyng. I do nat why
 And this I wil beseche . yow hertily
 That there euer ye finde . whiles ye live 113
 A triewer *seruant* to yow . than am I
 Loveth thanne . and sle me hardily
 And [I] my deth to yow . wil al forgyve 116
 And if ye fynde no trewer . so verily
 Wil ye suffre than . that I thus spil
 And for no maner gilt . but my goode wil
 Als goode were thanne . vntriewe as triewe triewly 120

(31) (*Unique final stanza*, III. 9)

¶ But I my lif and deth . to yow obey
 And with right buxum hert . holy I prey
 As youre most plesure . so doth by me 123
 For wele leuer is me . liken yow and dye
 Than for to any thyng . or thynk or say
 That yow myght offenden . in any tyme 126
 And therfor swete . rewe on my peynes smert
 And of your grace . grauntith me som drope
 For ellis may me last . no blisse ne hope
 Ne dwelle withyn . my trouble, careful hert 130

Explicit Pyte

dan Chaucer Lauceire (?)

II. ROUNDELS (MERCILESS BEAUTE).¹

(From MS. Pepys 2006, p. 390 and last.)

[I. *Captivity.*]

Yowre two yen wof sle me sodenly
 I may the beaute of them not sustene
 So wondeth it thorow out my herte kone
 And bē your word wiȝ helen hastely 4
 Mi hertis wound while that it is grene
 Your yen &c. [= two first lines.]
 Vp-on my trouth I sey yow feithfully 8
 That ye beȝ of my liffe and deth the quene
 For wiȝ my deth the trouth shalbe sene
 Your yen &c. [= three first lines.]

[II. *Rejection.*]

So hath yowre Beaute fro your herte chaced
 Pitee that me nanailleth not to pleyȝ
 For danger halt youre mercy in his Cheyne 16
 Giltless my deth thus haȝ ye me purchaced
 I sey yow soth me nedeth not to fayn
 So hath your Beaute &c. [= lines 14, 15.]
 Alas þat nature hath in yow compased 21
 So grete beaute þat no maȝ may atteyȝ
 To mercy though he sterue for the peyȝ
 So hath your beaute &c. [= lines 14, 15, 16.]

[III. *Escape.*]

Syȝ I fro loue escaped am so fat
 I neuere thank to beȝ in his prisen lene 28

¹ No title in MS. The words 'Mercilesse Beaute' occur in the Index to the MS., with reference to this poem.—W. W. Skeat.

Syn I am fre I Counte hym not a bene
 He may answer & sey this and that
 I do no fors I speke ryght as I mene 31
 Syn I fro loue &c. [= lines 27, 28.]
 Love hath my name I strike out of his sclat
 And he is strike out of my bokes Clene
 For euer mo this is non oþer mene 36
 Syn I fro loue &c. [= lines 27, 28, 29.]

Explicit.

N.B. The copy printed by Percy (*Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Series the Second, Book I), though taken from this MS., abounds in errors. Not counting expansions of contractions, &c., his errors are as follows:—1. Youre; eyn will. 3. wendeth. 4. words. 5. My. 6. Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly (*where the MS. has only Your yē &c., and is here right in making yen follow Your immediately*). 14. youre beauty; chased. 15. n'availeth. 16. daunger. 17. have; omits me; purchased. 21. compassed. 24. youre. 28. nere thinke. 31. speak. 36. P. suggests ther for this (*probably he is right; but he omits to give the reading this*).—W. W. Skeat.



00042854

